Picked up by a stripper while on shore leave

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Stripper puts on a damn fine show

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I was visiting Phoenix, my hometown, in between duty stations early in my Navy career. At the ripe age of twenty, I had just spent six long months training at a nuclear power plant, living in a small town, without a single date the whole time. To say I was sexually frustrated does not do it justice.

The week I spent there staying with a family friend was as boring as can be, so one evening it popped into my head to go to a strip club. I had visited there just before I shipped out for the Navy a year and a half earlier, a place called "Cheetah One".

I was guided to a seat off to the side with a great view of the stage. I scanned both the dancers and the clientele. It was a weeknight and kind of slow, but there were still seven or eight girls working that night; four of them were particularly attractive. The light crowd were mostly businessmen on travel, with a few local regulars mixed in, most of them working their way through some serious alcohol.

I sipped on my rum and coke and engaged in one of my favorite activities: people-watching. I enjoyed watching the dancers work the crowd and talk with each other. I enjoyed the customers acting foolishly and becoming enthralled in the dancers. I politely declined several invitations for a lap dance and mostly watched whichever girl happened to be on the main stage.

Eventually I noticed that one of the dancers kept looking at me. The third time I saw her looking my way, she was dancing for a man in a suit seated close to me, but looking over at me every chance she got. When she saw me looking back at her she smiled warmly. She was a shapely, curly-haired brunette in her mid-thirties with very fair skin and a mature woman's body. She had great legs, a rounded belly and full, heavy breasts. To me, her body and expression oozed fertility and sexuality. She had a great smile and very lively eyes that danced everywhere.

Normal protocol in that type club is that the girl puts her top back on before she moves away from wherever she is standing. Not this woman, at least not this time.

She peeled away from the guy in the suit the second the song ended and was quickly in front of me, asking me if I would like a table dance. She smiled frankly at me with her breasts bared and pointed at me like twin cannons. Her apparent interest in me, even if it was staged in the interest of income, was very appealing. Her breasts were too. I smiled back at her and said that I'd like that.

She kept her eyes locked on me and moved up so close that I could almost taste her breasts. She straddled one of my legs, put her hands on the back of my chair, and moved herself all over me very slowly and teasingly. After some time she turned around and bent far over, moving her sexy, g-string clad ass towards me and grinding it onto my lap.

Strip clubs in Phoenix have very strict rules about never touching the dancers; large and effective bouncers enforce the rules zealously. One of them moved closer and looked menacingly at me as the woman moved her ass around on my lap. I looked back at him and showed him both of my hands and he moved on.

I overpaid her obscenely for the lap dance and she stood there between my legs, talking to me throughout the entire next song. She had an accent which I took to be German and had to lean over to talk in my ear to be heard over the music. This of course put her cleavage directly in line with my eyes, which could not tear themselves away. (Having a nearly German woman breathe in your ear with her breasts in your face is a pretty good way for any sailor on shore leave to spend some free time.)

She told me her name was Rose and we shared a little small talk, mostly about what I was doing in town and about being in the Navy. We talked a bit about the music and the other people in the club. As we talked, she was shifting her weight back and forth, causing her thighs to alternately brush up against mine and drawing my complete attention to them. I was still getting the evil eye from the bouncer, so I didn't squeeze my legs around her or reach for any forbidden fruit, much as I'd have liked to. She reached her hand down and squeezed my thigh as she told me that she needed to go.

I immediately got another drink and downed it. She had quickly made me hotter than I'd been at any time in my preceding six-month exile. I tried not to stare at Rose as she moved around the club, plying her trade. I declined the offers of several other dancers even though all were younger and most had bodies that better fit the male 'ideal' model; none drew me nearly as much as this sexy, mature woman who had expressed interest in me.

She came back after while, not even bothering to ask me this time if I wanted another dance, just moving between my thighs, pushing them back with hers, and removing her top in a single skilled motion. She leaned into me with her hands on the back of my chair again and said simply "Hello". I was entranced by her full breasts and intoxicated by her musky scent. She straddled my thigh again

and lowered herself until her groin was sliding up and down against me, locking her eyes onto mine. I could hardly breathe.

Again, she turned around and pointed her shapely ass at me, straddling my thigh again and settling herself down on it, her ass pushing right up against my yearning cock. How I refrained from putting my hands on her ass I'll never know. She put one of her hands on my thigh and discretely moved it up between her legs to stroke my inner thigh as she looked over her shoulder at my face.

The song ended abruptly and she turned around to look at me, keeping her breasts bare and at my eye level as she talked to me again. We chatted for a few moments and she turned to leave, then suddenly turned back and asked simply, "Would you like to follow me home tonight?"

I didn't miss a beat. "Sure, " I said. I was surprised I didn't explode right there.

The next hour was torture, but finally the club was closing and I went outside to wait by the back door in my car. She finally came out, looking just as sexy to me clothed as she had in her g-string. She came over, gave me a nice look at her tits and a deep wet kiss to get me by, then hopped into her car and headed for home.

When we arrived she took my hand and brought me inside and straight to her bedroom. She turned to me and we kissed passionately for awhile, our hands roaming wildly over each other's bodies. She finally pulled away saying, "I always feel a little gross when I get off work, I need to jump in the bath. Do you mind?" Did I mind. Did I mind that a fabulously sexy woman took me to her home and was about to take all of her clothes off.... No, I didn't mind.

She undressed and ran the bath and then poked her head back in, "Care to join me?" I was naked and in the water with her in moments. She leaned back between my legs, my erection pressing against her as I soaped, sponged, scrubbed, and rinsed every part of her I could reach. I spent quite some time gently cleaning her lovely breasts and then kissed her neck while I washed between her legs. We toweled each other off and then adjourned to her bedroom.

"I want to dance for you the way I really wanted to in the club, " she said to me as she sat me on the edge of her bed, "I wanted you inside me right there in front of everyone." If I hadn't already had a raging hard on, that would have definitely taken care of it. She moved right up against me, pressing her breasts into my face and then turning side to side so they alternately brushed against my mouth. Her hands were on my chest, her thighs straddling me and nudging into my crotch.

I was enraptured by this luscious woman who was giving me such a sweet and sexy present. I was as well-behaved initially as if the bouncer were standing right there, just entranced by watching her

naked body move so enticingly close to me. I finally moved my hands to the outside of her thighs, stroking up and down them for a moment and then cupping her ass cheeks. I stuck my tongue toward a nipple and she brushed her breast back and forth over it, and then switched to the other. My hands squeezed her ass hard and started pulling her close in to me, but she broke away and moved teasingly out of range.

She swayed in place, running her hands over her body. She looked me in the eye and took her full breasts in her hands, alternately bringing the nipples to her tongue to be licked and then sucked. Then she turned and showed me her beautiful ass, moving it up and down, dancing for me. I couldn't take much more of this.

"You realize I'm not tied down? I'm about to attack you, "I said. She grinned at me and backed up until that great ass was directly in front of my face and then landing in my lap to tease my erection. I put my hands on her cheeks and pulled her against me, feeling her grind her crack against my shaft and squeeze me in between her buttocks. She watched me over her shoulder, smiling her enjoyment.

"Do you want to be inside me, cutie?"

"Hell yes!" I replied. She reached back between her legs and steered me to her wet lips, parting them slightly and guiding my cock into her.

"Ooooooh, I knew you'd feel good in there! I've been wet for your cock since that first dance in the club, " she said "but this is how I really like to dance!"

She placed her hands on my thighs to steady herself and pumped her ass up and down on top of me, sliding herself on and off my cock. I couldn't believe how great this felt and how sexy her body looked in front of me, her back muscles moving and her ass bouncing on top of me. She held her breasts in her hands and massaged them. I wouldn't be able to stand this excitement for long and told her so. She alternated her speed then, moving all the way on to me and holding still, just squeezing my cock inside her, then moving almost entirely off of me and holding still. It was heavenly and yet helped me maintain longer.

She looked at me over her shoulder again and said, "I want you to fuck me now." I pushed her forward as I stood up, staying inside her and leaning her up against the wall. I started pounding into her for all I was worth. She was almost grunting as I fucked her with youthful exuberance, her mature, full body bouncing as I plowed into her. I came in hot, strong jets, pushing into her as hard as I could.

"Good boy, " she said pushing me back to the edge of the bed and turning around. She got to her knees and took me into her mouth. I couldn't believe it! I was so sensitive after my orgasm I could

barely stand the sensation of her sucking me, and the sight of her tasting us both and obviously enjoying it. I was hard again in moments.

"REALLY good boy!" she said, smiling at me as she pushed me all the way onto the bed and to my back. She climbed on top of me and took me inside her again, settling down to ride my cock. I put my hands on her curvy ass and just watched her, fascinated by this sex goddess on top of me. I loved seeing her breasts hanging freely and moving above me.

She moved back and forth purposefully, obviously directing me exactly where she wanted inside her. She took her breasts in her hands and squeezed them, pulling on her nipples and moaning. I could tell she was building to her climax and was enjoying the look on her face. She began moving violently on top of me and came so hard that sweat broke out on her chest. She rode that to its conclusion, and then turned her attention to milking my cock. I could tell that she was squeezing me on the upstrokes and it drove me nuts. She was bouncing up and down now, taking me into her fully and quickly before rising again. I squeezed her ass hard and lifted my hips to rise into her. I came like crazy.

She stayed on top of me, tracing her hands over my body and smiling at me as my cum ran back out of her and down between my legs.

"We are going to do this all night and all day tomorrow until I have to go back to work. Aren't we?" she grinned.

"If it doesn't kill me, " I said. And we did.